Vpon his party for the gaine there of,
And thereupon he ſends you this good newes:
That this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene, muſt die at *Pomfret*.
Haſt. Indeede I am no mourner for this newes,
Becauſe they haue beene ſtill mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voyce on *Richards* ſide,
To barre my maſters heires in true diſcent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gracious minde,
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelmonth hence,
That they who brought me to my maſters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedy:
I tell thee *Catesby*. *Cat*. What my Lord?
Haſt. Ere a Fort-night make me elder,
Ile ſend ſome packing that yet thinke not on't.
Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gracious Lord
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.
Haſt. O monſtrous, monſtrous, and ſo fals it out
With *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*, and ſo twill doo
With ſome men elſe, who thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowſt are deare
To Princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.
Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Haſt. I know they doe and I haue well deſerued it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my L. where is your Boare-ſpeare man?
Feare you the Boare, and goe you ſo vnprouided?
Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow *Catsby*:
You may ieſt one, but by the holy Roode,
I doe not like theſe ſeuerall counſels I.
Haſt. My L. I hold my life as deare as you doe yours,
And neuer in my life I doe proteſt,
Was it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo triumphant as, I am?
Stan. The Lords of *Pomfret* when they rode from *London*,
Were iocund, and ſuppoſde their ſtates was ſure,

And

And indeede had no cauſe to miſtruſt:
But yet you ſee how ſoone the day orecaſt,
This ſuddaen ſcab of rancor I miſdoubt,
Pray God I ſay, I proue a needleſſe coward,
But come my Lord ſhall we to the Tower?
Haſt. I go: but ſtay, heare you not the newes?
This day thoſe men you talke of are beheaded.
Sta. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then ſome that haue accuſed them weare their hats:
But come my L. let vs away. *Exit. L. Stanley, & Cat.*
Haſt. Go you before Ile follow preſently.

Enter Haſtings a Purſiuant.

Haſt. Well met *Haſtings* how goes the world with thee?
Pur. The better that it pleaſe your good Lordſhip to aſk?
Haſt. I tell thee fellow, tis better with me now,
Then when I met thee laſt where now wee meete
Then was I going priſoner to the Tower,
By the ſuggeſtion of the Queenes alies:
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy ſelfe)
This day thoſe enemyes are put to death,
And I in better ſtate then euer I was.
Pur. God hold it to your Honours good content.
Haſt. Gramercy *Haſtings*, hold ſpend thou that.

He giues him his purſe.

Pur. God ſaue your Lordſhip. *Exit. Pur. Enter a Prieſt.*
Haſt. What Sir *Iohn*, you are well met:
I am beholding to you for your laſt dayes exerciſe:
Come the next Sabboth, and I will content you. *He whiſpers*

Enter Buckingham. *(in his eare.*

Buc. How now Lord *Chamberlaine*, what talking with a
Your friends at *Pomfret* they doe need the Prieſt, (prieſt.
Your Honour hath no ſtriuing worke in hand.
Haſt. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Thoſe men you talke of, came into my minde:
What, go you to the Tower my Lord?
Buc. I do, but long I ſhall not ſtay,
I ſhall returne before your Lordſhip thence,
Haſt. Tis like enough for I ſtay dinner there.
Buc. And ſupper too although thou knoweſt it not:

Come